

the wild hunt by celoica

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Summary:

It had been his idea. Everything had been his idea. From the day Billy Hargrove had rolled up in his vintage car to the day Steve had walked into school with a fresh bite on his neck, proudly scabbed over and on display for his entire class to see, it had been all Steve's idea.

Billy did something witchy to his blood, thickening it under his skin and making it hard for him to think about anything else. At first, he'd thought maybe an incubus, something demonic and lust-driven and so out of place in tiny Hawkins, Indiana, until Laurie had leaned over and whispered about the new kid being a werewolf.

The last time they'd had one of those in Roane County had been before Steve had been born.

Even without the full moon to influence him, Billy was everything Steve had imagined a werewolf to be; aggressive and larger than life, in tune with the people who watched him with curious eyes, charming until it made Steve's stomach clench in jealousy when his attention was on anyone but him.

Witchy. *To him.* The witch.

the wild hunt

Author's Note:

- For [hopphorn](#).

This is the most gratuitous porn I've ever written. It's PWP, with literally no plot or even halfway decent characterization, even though I kinda wanna write something in this universe that has some plot. That might come later, but for now: Enjoy!

you're a bloody feral wolf-face
I like you

— Alice Notley, from “Get Rid of All Controls,” *Disobedience*

If Nancy knew what he was doing with her *krachai dum*, she would probably kill him—and then bring him back from the dead to take his balls.

He licked his lips, dropping his backpack to the ground. The night air was warm around him, a heat that lingered after the sun had set. Steve crouched, tugging the laces of his shoes free and stripping off his socks, setting them beside his backpack.

Anticipation trilled through his veins, sliding across his bones and settling low in his belly. Despite it, a lump formed in his throat, a nervousness he hadn't been able to shake even when he'd been in the shower, three fingers deep in himself and biting his wrist to stifle moans.

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The grass was thick beneath his bare feet, carefully chosen for the pebble-free clearing. He'd spent his entire Saturday scoping it out, trekking through Hawkins' forest trails until he found it. On his way into the clearing, he'd let his bare palms and shoulders scrape against rough bark, leaving a trail of Steve-scented breadcrumbs to follow.

Steve unsnapped the watch at his wrist, setting it on top of his backpack. His belt followed. He stripped off his T-shirt and tucked it into the front pocket. He stood, rolling his shoulders and breathing in the scent of night.

It had taken all of half a blowjob while stoned to convince Billy it was a good idea. If he could handle that wouldn't ripping Steve to shreds, he could handle liquid lust.

Steve's heart beat heavily in his ears and he shifted on his heels, shoulders rolling back again. He'd dreamed about this for months, since he'd gotten Billy's mouth on his neck the first time in the back of the Camaro, teeth worrying the skin while Steve jacked him off. Canines too sharp to be human, jaw too strong to be even close to it, Billy had driven his teeth into his neck and Steve had been lost, sucked into a vacuum of him and Billy and everything Billy was.

For the most part, Billy kept his claws to himself, shying away from Steve's touch when he slipped his fingers low around his cock to

touch his knot, pulling out before he could come to stop them from tying together. It hadn't bothered him until it did, until Billy had shrugged and changed the subject and punched a hole in the wall when Steve hadn't let it go.

He's turned, you know. You shouldn't trust him, Nancy had said when she'd seen the hole in Steve's bedroom wall. It had clicked then, and Steve's brain had kicked into overdrive.

Teeth were fine because humans had teeth. Claws and knots and everything in between were different. Too foreign on Billy to be comfortable with, even when they were both naked and Steve was willing to do the horizontal tango to bad 80s playlists with him.

The rustle of leaves and the *crack* of a twig sounded behind Steve. He sucked in a sharp breath and looked over his shoulders, body frozen on the spot.

Everything about Billy was wild—from the look in his eyes, too golden and pupils shaped wrong, to the curl of his hair and the slant of his cheekbones and the point of his ears, too sharp to be human. Lips parted to make room for his canines, too big to fit inside, he breathed deeply, eyes glued to Steve's.

He was naked, stripped down to nothing but bare skin. His cock was already hard, thick and flushed red at the tip, hanging heavily between his sun-kissed thighs.

Steve glanced down at his hands and sucked in a breath. The distance between them did nothing to make the claws extending from his fingertips look anything but deadly.

Billy watched him closely, eyes narrowed. He tipped his head back and sniffed the air, scenting. Steve's heart slammed into his throat, heavy there. He swallowed around it while the want pooled low in his spine and his cock thickened.

He took off, bare toes digging into soft grass. Billy growled behind him, loud and low and as threatening as always. A hot rush of lust rolled through Steve, spiking his blood with adrenaline and desire, until he was halfway across the clearing and his chest burned.

He hit the ground violently, chest slamming into the grass, legs pinned beneath Billy's weight. He yelped, startled, and squirmed beneath him, even as Billy cupped the back of his neck, claws dipping into the tender skin of his nape and breaking through. He tucked his arms beneath him and shoved up; Billy shoved down, hips jerking against Steve's ass, cock thick and shoving against him.

Steve bit his lip hard enough to bleed, stifling a moan. Billy leaned down, breath hot on the side of his neck—and then teeth were jammed inside his skin, pointed and sharp, breathing through as easily as his nails, somewhere east of the months-old mating mark.

He moaned and whimpered, a desperate, twisted plea he didn't quite understand. Grabbing fistfuls of grass, he yanked, eyes wide as he stared into the open forest, lips parted around wounded noises that broke free. His cock ached, trapped between his jeans and pressed into the ground.

Billy bit harder, teeth working into the muscle, until Steve whined out, "Billy, *please.*"

Growling, deep enough to vibrate along Steve's skin, Billy raked his hands down Steve's sides. He shouted, skin stinging red and bright, pinpricks of Billy's touch left in his wake. He jammed his knees down into the ground and rocked up, shoving his ass against Billy's cock, grinding back as he yanked on the grass.

Billy pulled his head back, teeth leaving Steve's neck. He growled again, different now, thicker and laced with need and want deeper than before. It tasted like instinct on Steve's tongue.

He shredded Steve's jeans easily, fabric unraveling in ribbons, hands on his hips. The skin of his neck and sides burning, Steve arched, tilting his ass up until his spine ached.

It was a gritty slide, the lube barely enough, and Billy gave no hesitation as he ground in to the thick root of his cock, pelvis flush to Steve's ass. Toes curling, fingers twisting helplessly in the grass as Billy reared back—no adjustment, no time to enjoy the first sticky stretch—and thrust in, hard and sharp, Steve cried out sharply as he was knocoked forward in the grass.

He was relentless and animal, every inch of his strength narrowed down to where his cock shoved deep into Steve, where his hips met the Steve's thighs and ass, dark blond hair rasping against his skin. Steve jerked with each thrust, strangled noises fucked out of his throat as if Billy's cock were there. He might be—he felt bigger, thicker, an edge of *too big* stretching Steve out, forcing him to take it with each solid drive of his hips.

Steve took it, grateful and loudly, gasping out his pleasure into the dark of night, pulling up weeds by the roots. His cock pressed uncomfortably against the ground, but hot-white need sparked up behind his eyes when Billy shifted the angle, wrenching Steve onto his knees with easy strength, cock grinding into his prostate with each thrust.

Pressing his chest flat to the ground, ass hiking higher in the air, Steve closed his eyes, lips parted and spilling moans and gasps.

Billy growled again, a deep vocalization of satisfaction, fingers tightening on Steve's skin, digging in hard enough to break through the heat roiling through his blood. It did nothing but make his cock ache, an insistent lust that bit at his insides.

It hit him like always—suddenly and powerful, shaking through his core until he shook with it, a white noise of neurochemicals setting fire to his nerves. His cock twitched through it, dripping come onto his thighs and belly and ground. He whined out Billy's name, thick and as pleading as before, pulling at another handful of grass.

Too much, like it always was after he came, but Billy didn't stop. A noise rattled in his chest as he fucked in harder, shoving Steve's knees forward through the grass, burning the skin. He moaned brokenly, eyes screwed shut, mouth agape.

He felt Billy's cock thicken, catching on the rim of his hole, until Billy was forcing his way inside on each thrust, a sharper, forceful shove that broke another cry from Steve's lungs. He ground in, pulling on Steve's hips to anchor him still, pressed in so deep Steve could feel him in his throat.

The stretch was almost unbearable. If he was bigger before, he was

huge now. Billy's knot caught, thick and solid and unyielding inside of him; he shifted his hips and choked on a noise, trying to get away. Billy yanked him back, forcing himself in a little deeper as he leaned over the length of Steve's back, a warning growl vibrating along Steve's spine.

He breathed deeply through his mouth, stuttering out broken breaths and noises while Billy nuzzled his neck and kissed the bitemark. A tremble ran through the muscles of his thighs and he swallowed harshly.

“Billy—” he started and choked on another sound, fingers balling into fists against the dirt. His thighs trembled again, shaking with protest.

Billy nipped the skin behind his ear, hands smoothing over the blood-scabbed dips he'd left on Steve's hips, gently lowering him to the ground. Steve bit his tongue as Billy settled on top of him, heavy and solid, cock driving deeper with the change of angle.

He settled his cheek in the grass and listened to his heart slow and his blood calm. Billy went back to kissing his neck, his own heartbeat heavy against Steve's back.

“I love you,” Steve murmured into the ground, tired and doped up.

Billy paused, a hint of teeth grazing Steve's skin again. “Love you, too.”

He drifted, mind blissfully blank of anything but the press of Billy's skin against his back and the heat of his breath on his neck. When he woke, they were on their sides, Billy's arm loose over his side, no longer tied together.

Blinking until his vision cleared, he craned his head back over his shoulder. Billy's face was smoothed out, teeth blunt and cheekbones rounded. His ears weren't pointed anymore.

“Hey,” Steve said, thick with sleep. “How long was I out?”

Billy kissed him, slow and sweet. He didn't taste like blood, at least. “Almost an hour,” he murmured, bumping his nose against Steve's.

"You good?"

Despite the softness of his voice, the concern lingered in his eyes, bright enough for Steve to spot. He sighed and turned in Billy's arms, looping an arm around Billy's side and snuggling up against his chest. His ass ached, his sides stung from where Billy's nails had torn the skin and there was a throb in his shoulder when he turned over.

Steve bit his lip, tucked against the safety of Billy's chest, and skimmed his hand down his side, circling his hip and sliding down. He touched the base of Billy's cock. It twitched against his fingers. "All good," he said softly, a smile touching his voice. "So, so, so good."

A rumble vibrated in Billy's chest, on the edge of animal, as Steve curled his fingers around his cock, squeezing where his knot would be. "Don't," he gritted out, big hands hot as brands on Steve's back, pulling him closer, "unless you want it again."

Steve hid a smile against Billy's throat. *It.* Never his knot. Never a focus on the part of himself he hadn't let Steve touch. "I like it, you know," he said, kissing a trail up Billy's neck. "I want you to do it again."

"Now?"

Steve grin widened, Billy's cock thickening beneath his touch. "Do you want to?"

"Can you take it?"

He laughed and shoved a hand between them to push Billy onto his back. He rolled over easily, pulling Steve with him. He straddled Billy's thighs, stroking over Billy's cock. Billy shifted beneath him, hands on Steve's hips, petting over the skin he'd torn with gentle fingers. When his cock hardened fully, thick and warm and blood-flushed, Steve bent down, catching Billy's lips with his own.

They kissed slow and sweet, tongues gliding together while Steve jerked Billy's dick, thumb sliding across the head and nudging down the foreskin, pressing underneath the delicate tip and digging his thumb into the slit until Billy hissed into his mouth.

He palmed Steve's ass, spreading the cheeks with strong hands, dipping his fingers in against Steve's hole, until he twitched and whined and rocked into Billy's touch, his own cock hard.

Billy's fingers nudged against his rim, pressing inside to the first knuckle. Pleasure twitched along Steve's spine and he whined, deep into Billy's mouth. It was an awkward slide, mouths pressed together and hands fumbling, until the fat head of Billy's cock caught against him and he lowered himself down.

It was an easier slide, no less gritty, but the looser now that he was stretched out by Billy's knot. He breathed into Billy's mouth, harsh as he ground down to the thick root, fingers twisting in his blond hair. It ached and his thighs protested the position, but he groaned when the angle changed and Billy's cock jammed so precisely against his prostate that he saw stars behind his eyes.

"Baby," Billy whined, fingers—blunt-nailed and human—digging into the flesh of Steve's ass, pulling him down with each thrust. "Baby, I wanna hear you."

Nipping his lip, Steve sat up, sucking in a sharp breath. He pressed a hand to Billy's chest, eyes heavy as he took his cock in the other, stroking as he ground down. He moaned and groaned and whined and whimpered; little breathless noises fell from his lips, mingling in with the chest-deep rattling snarls Billy made. They shouted their desire to the night, alone and in the quiet.

All too soon it was over. Hand on his cock, human nails clenching into the skin of Billy's chest, he came across Billy's belly, throwing his head back. Hot pleasure, soaking him down to his bones, snapped from the pit of his belly and skated up his spine, pricking over his skull.

Billy bowed beneath him, sharpening nails cutting into his skin and adding to the wounds. Eyes closed, mouth agape, he let Billy fuck up into him, thrusts uneven and frantic, bordering on the pleasure's edge of pain. He took each thrust with a gasp, fucked out and choked up noises dropping from his lips.

His knot caught, heavy and thick and inexorable, and Steve's arms

shook with the force of keeping himself upright. Billy grunted, hand gliding up his back to cradle the back of his skull, pulling him down against his chest. Their mouths met, teeth clicking together, breath got between their lips.

When his head cleared enough to think about something other than the stretch of Billy's knot, Steve laughed, winded and joyful. He stroked a hand over Billy's hair, smoothing down wayward curls. "See?" he said, and kissed the tip of Billy's nose. "Good. Really good."

"Yeah," Billy replied, just as breathless. "I see your point."

Steve settled his cheek against Billy's chest, wincing when the shift pulled at the knot. Billy's arms closed around him, warm and strong, heavy against his back, fingers caressing his spine. He closed his eyes and drifted again, lulled by the sound of Billy's heartbeat in his ear.

He woke to Billy murmuring to him, hands on his hips and easing out of him. He cracked an eye open and lifted his head, stifling a yawn. He felt boneless, like each limb was made of jelly. Billy manhandled him onto his side and Steve let him, rolling his shoulders and stretching his fingers.

When Billy picked him up, he snorted. "I can walk."

"I might've fucked that outta you," Billy said easily, arranging Steve in his arms like he was nothing more than pillow made of feathers.

Superior strength was hot and cool until Billy was using it against him. One day, he'd threatened more than once, he was going to spike Billy's water with wolfsbane and kick his ass on the court.

He yawned again, looping an arm around Billy's neck, resting his cheek against Billy's shoulder.

"You know," Billy said, "I really hope you brought another pair of shorts."

Steve's eyes snapped open and he turned his head, nipping Billy's neck hard enough to break skin.

"Mongrel. That was my *favourite pair*."

Billy made a disgusted noise, jerking his head away from Steve's teeth. "Then why were you wearing them, dumbass?"

"They're comfy!"

"They're rags now."

"And whose fault is that?"

Billy laughed. "Yours."

"You're a dick.

"I love you, too."